Martlet

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Photo by Dehn Loder

Legislature lawns last week: a study in contrasts.

A site for sore UI's

by Amy Melmock

As the Harbour Festival's brightly colored tents mushroomed in the Inner Harbour last week, another type of camp was blossoming on the lawns of the legislature. Lovingly named "Bennettsville", the B.C. Unemployed Coalition's Relief Camp formed a striking contrast to the showy extravagance which temporarily invaded downtown Victoria.

For the organizers of this "alternate festival," there was no lack of gaiety at its success. Michelle Forest, co-ordinator of the Unemployed Action Center, was "very pleased with the logistics of the camp," and with the public's response to the daily workshops and film showings.

"It was heartening to see people stay out in the cold after dark, to discuss the workshops, and share their thoughts," said Forest.

Other activities at the camp included leafleting, and special appearances by guest speakers. The leaflets underlined the four major resolutions of the Coalition's "Alternate Economic Program": shorter hours with no loss in pay, adequate income for all British Columbians, an overhaul of the province's resource policies, a renewed commitment to developing secondary industry in B.C.

Bill Carroll, an economics professor from UVic, spoke on the similarities between Latin America's economic policies and those produced by current B.C. legislation.

Attendance at the camp rose from approximately forty participants at Tuesday's opening, to over 100 campers by the week's end. At the closing rally on Friday, the 13 tents at the site had increased to 30. A smoothly run kitchen, and the co-operation of the local authorities, helped to diminish the problems of bad weather.

The camp made an affirmative statement on the growing outspokeness and commitment to reform which B.C.'s unemployed have developed in the past year. Curious passers-by came away from the camp with a free cup of coffee, and a new awareness of the human concerns within the unemployed movement.□

UVic tunes in

by D. Gordon-MacDonald

UVic's student radio will finally reach Victoria's homes.

The Canadian Radio and Telecommunications Commission granted an FM license to CFUV last month.

The two year old station won't ride the airwaves until it purchases a transmitter tower and finds a suitable location to plant it. However, the station should be on Rogers Cable by late June or early July.

The station will continue to broadcast classical, jazz, ethnic and folk music and progressive 'non-commercial' rock. Non-musical programming will include documentaries, dramas, news and a UVic science journal.

'Eventually we hope to have a lot of university oriented programming,' says station manager Steve Lebitschnig, 'perhaps soliciting input from the academic community as well as students.'□

High tech music?

by Patty Archer

The effect of a $41,831 grant from the federal Social Sciences and Humanities Research Council to the UVic Music Department may not be felt immediately by students, but it may have an impact on the future of computer music.

Michael Longton, John Celona, and Douglas Collinge from the Music department will soon begin writing software for the largest computerized synthesizer in Western Canada, comparable to only three others, one at Stanford University, one in Paris, and one owned by George Lucas.

Their research will concentrate on the capability of the computer to perform music in 'real-time', as opposed to pre-programmed and taped sounds regurgitated by more simple commercial synthesizers.

This machine will be very different from a commercial synthesizer. It can be used as a computer but is optimized for sound. "It doesn't know that it is a synthesizer yet" said Longton. The machine will be capable of producing a myriad of sounds and combinations.

This could change the field of computer-music, and music in general. Right now the aspect of real-time algerythmic control "is not being looking into much at other centers," said UVic's Michael Longton. Ninety percent of the computer music is not real time — it's on tape, even though the technology to perform real-time music is present. There has been little attempt to bridge the gap between the needs of musicians, manufacturers, researchers and academics, he said.

The researchers will develop the software and determine the full range of real-time music. This research will improve UVic's established reputation in the music field, Longton said, and it will eventually be integrated into UVic's music program once the software is written.

"Playing with real-time and devising a language doesn't appeal to musicians who just want to plug it in and go," said Longton.

Instead, it appeals more to researchers and composers. Using this computer-synthesizer would be like conducting an orchestra said Longton. There are too many possibilities for only one person to control.

So that is where the computer comes in.□

Protein sequencing no secret

by Ellen Saenger

UVic's Biochemistry and Microbiology departments are known as the people who are "doing it" in protein research.

It is this expertise in protein sequencing that helped land UVic a $175,883 grant from the National Sciences and Engineering Research Council (NSERC) for the purchase and operation of a gas phase microsequencer.

The significance of this machinery is difficult to explain in lay terms, but Bob Olafson of UVic's Biochemistry and Microbiology dept. said with the information gathered by the machine, scientists will be able to synthesize proteins, make antibodies from synthetic vaccines and develope diagnostic tests.

The machine will aid in structure function relation studies. "Until now, sequencing proteins has been difficult, and in the past has been restricted. Most biologically significant proteins that haven't been studied are found in small numbers of cells. The nature of protein on the surface of cells is very important," he said.

Unlike methods which require larger amounts of material for analysis, the gas phase microsequencer needs only very small amounts to identify significant structural features. Parasitic protozones such as those found in Malaria and African sleeping sickness, as well as the proteins associated with cancer all require a small amount of protein sequence, explained Olafson. "Protein is the functional product of the gene."

"When the human body tries to combat destructive organisms it looks to the surface of invading cells for specific protein sequences. These sequences identify the cells as friendly or destructive. These protein sequences are extremely tiny but we recognize their overwhelming importance," said Olafson. The gas phase microsequencer is the only technology that can read and interpret these tiny chemical combinations so crucial to the body's defense, he said.

Using the gas phase sequencer, scientists will be able to sequence protein. And with this information they can read the genetic code of a chunk of DNA and make it radioactive, explained Olafson. "Then, they will use the radioactive DNA to fish out the correct gene for DNA sequencing: a more rapid way of determining complete structure of interesting protein."

"We didn't begin by offering a protein sequencing service but were dragged in" due to reputation and previous expertise, said Olafson. "Most DNA labs are not into protein sequencing because of the complexity," said Olafson. "In order to keep you head above water, dealing with requests for sequencing and doing our own research, UVic, with the support of UBC and SFU, applied to NSERC for the gas phase microsequencer."

Olafson has been quoted as calling the grant a "coup" for UVic. "It's implicit in our department's technical expertise. There's only one other gas phase microsequencer in Canada. This is highly sophisticated technology — not a garden variety," he said.

UVic's microsequencer is scheduled to arrive in July from California based Applied Biosystems, the only manufacturer of this machine. In the States the gas phase microsequencers are selling like hotcakes because of their applied significance, said Olafson. "We are, of course, interested in the basic scientific findings but often these findings are soon shown to have significant applied value." □

Student and press on the front lines

by Kim Balfour and Blake Mooney

The May 14 boycott of President Ferdinand Marcos' election call was the most recent front line assault carried out by Filipino students and their press.

In the Philippines, "it is singularly providential that the campus press has now manned the front line in the continuing struggle for freedom from every form of harrassment," said Ernesto Rodriguez Jr., President Emeritus of College Editors Guild (CEGP). CEGP is the most independent and extensive organization of campus writers in the Philippines. It works closely with the League of Filipino Students (LFS) to effect social change under Marcos' regime.

"Active boycott means not only boycotting the polls but also launching massive, militant and sustained protest actions to expose the farcical elections and bankruptcy of the Marcos regime," stated a LFS newsletter.

The campaign, launched by a broad based anti-dictatorship front, began protest action in early January and continued it until March 7, 1984. The campaign culminated in a seven day *Lakbayan* or Peoples' Freedom March. Over 300,000 people participated in the march, representing all sectors of Philippine society.

The two-pronged march (from Central Luzon, north of Manila and Southern Tagalog, south of Manila) converged in Luneta on March 7. On that day four student activists were reported missing by their parents. They were last seen being escorted away from Luneta Park by unidentified armed men. All four had been warned by the military not to join in the march.

On April 4 the mutilated and decomposing bodies of the students were found in shallow graves at an isolated sugar plantation in the Cavite province.

In a related incident March 3, Hendry Plaza, LFS-Mindanao executive chairman, was stabbed by five unidentified men in a "salvage" attempt. The past political activities of the victims and the circumstances surrounding their disappearance and deaths indicate they were salvaged or extra judicially killed, said a report from the Asian Students Association.

Plaza has been under military surveillance for several months because of his active involvement in the student movement. He is one of the five student leaders most wanted by the military in Mindanao, according to LFS sources. He is now living underground.

The deaths of the four students, Ismael Umali, Aurelio Magpantay, Ronelio Evangelio and Ronello Clarete, and the assasination attempt on Plaza are part of an ongoing campaign of political repression and militarization in the Philippines. The LFS condemns the Marcos regime for its "anti-people policies . . . the human rights violations, and the manifestations of the oppressive and exploitative structures in the Philippine society."□

Victoria on $5 a day

by Ken Fedio

For the tourist on a limited budget, few places rival Victoria in terms of convenience, hospitality, and aesthetic beauty. The confluence of lush green parks and recreation areas provide a veritable paradise for those looking for cheap fun. Ready access to low budget eateries and lodgings allows the traveller-without-wheels to keep his activities conveniently within the downtown core.

Your day begins at 8:00 a.m. with a short hike to the beautiful St. Andrews Roman Catholic Cathedral (740 View Street) for a bit of breakfast. Steeped in the history of Victoria, this red-brick and stone structure is adorned with hardwood floors, marble interiors, shocking stained glass and painted turrets with metal spires. As you pass through the door on the south side of the building, you are provided with a hot cup of coffee. After mingling with the patrons, you are seated and breakfast begins.

The soup menu varies from day to day. There is bread, of course, and a bran muffin for desert — along with all the coffee you can drink. Although soup for breakfast takes some getting used to, it is most palatable at St. Andrews. After breakfast, there is an hour or so to spare for card playing or casual conversation. You can find out about many of the downtown activities by consorting with the locals, who can explain the ins and outs of local social services.

You have a few hours between breakfast and lunch, and as the early mornings are yet a little cool, I've found this time best spent in the periodical room of the Greater Victoria Central Library — only a five minute walk up Blanshard from St. Andrews. Here a copy of the local newspaper is almost always lying unattended on the racks. In the entertainment portion of the Friday edition, there is a section entitled "Free for All." It lists events such as films and museum tours that take place throughout the week, free of charge.

Admittedly, two hours in a public library, even one as modern and as capacious as this, can be a daunting prospect for the most intrepid of time-killers; so, after an hour, a walk along Douglas (main street) is recommended. In the spring, Douglas Street, with flower boxes hanging from light standards and beautifully restored office buildings, is the most beautiful main street — with the possible exception of Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan. Your time is well spent window shopping and browsing.

By noon, you should try to be in the vicinity of Broad and Johnson Streets. The Upper Room, upstairs in a not-so-well preserved building at 579 Johnson Street, serves lunch from 12:30 to 1:00 p.m. After a short prayer, soup and sandwiches are served buffet style. Seconds are available for those with a hearty appetite. There is cake for dessert. As at St. Andrews the food is good, and I've sometimes paid for worse. The Upper Room is a coffee house (15 cents per cup) and card playing and fraternizing goes from 9:00 a.m. to 2:00 p.m.

At 1 p.m. the day really begins for the Victoria tourist. If you walk straight down Johnson to the water, you arrive at the paved path outlining Victoria's charming inner harbour. Follow this past the luxury condos and offices to the causeway and the city marina.

Along the causeway is the elegant, ivy encrusted Empress Hotel, another of Victoria's beautifully preserved masterpieces. Its brick and stone walls and copper-plated roofs are the dominant feature of the inner harbour. The causeway veers west and takes you past the lush splendour of the provincial legislature. Then it climbs back up on the street at Madame Tussaud's Wax Museum, a fine complement to the Parliament buildings and the Empress.

Across the street from the legislature is the Provincial Museum. Tours of this intricate architectural delight begin daily at 1:30 p.m. If you want a little rest from your ramblings, you might seek refuge on the benches in front of the legislature buildings. As not much activity takes place there, you can be assured of some privacy. After a brief snooze, it's back to Douglas Street, via Belleville Street, and onward to the highlight of the afternoon — Beacon Hill Park.

Beacon Hill Park is a beehive of activity on weekends with its ball park, cricket pitch and tennis courts. For those trying to shave a few strokes off their game, there is even a putting green. The bandshell offers entertainment on Saturday and Sunday afternoons. During the week, you can take a break from the spectator sports and just stroll through the gardens. The main paths take you along the duck pond and through the armies of razor straight Douglas Fir and platoons of crocuses, daffodils, pansies, tulips, etc. The path leads to Old MacDonald's Farm in the centre of the park where peacocks frolic with chickens, pigs, cows, sheep and goats. To fully describe the comeliness of this masterpiece of landscaping and botanical splendour would require far too much space.

The south side of the park abuts onto Dallas Road where the cliffs face the Juan de Fuca Strait. At the foot of these cliffs, are pebble beaches strewn with drift wood. A leisurely walk beside the sea nicely rounds out the afternoon. Frequently, on these jaunts, you recognize faces from St. Andrews and The Upper Room.

You are well advised to head back through the park to Douglas Street around 5 p.m. Dinner is served promptly at 5:30 at St. Andrews Presbyterian at Douglas and Courtney. St. Andrews Presbyterian offers soup and bread for the main course and pastry for dessert. Essentially an eat-and-run place, its location across from the Nootka Court Liquor Store reflects its clientele.

As your day winds down it is a good idea to arrange accomodation before all the good spots fill up. The Salvation Army on Wharf and Johnson, far from being a dive, is, in the words of Norm, a mechanic from Edmonton, "more like a hotel, a fully modern facility, a ten million dollar complex." The central location of this excellent red-brick structure is an added convenience, and a bed is only five dollars a night. You should be registered by 10:00 p.m. and in bed by 11:00 p.m. This allows you a few hours in the evening to drain a pint or two at The Beaver Pub on Government Street, part of the palatial Empress Hotel. Dress restrictions are not in effect, and the clientele is convivial. You have to be back at the Sally Ann at 11:00 p.m., just in time to catch the news on t.v. Before bed, there's time for stimulating conversation with your floor-mates on subjects ranging from the Islamic Revolution and the London Embassy crisis to the Islanders' chances of taking five straight. You can leave your valuables unattended, but lockers are supplied. The sheets in this ten bed dorm are clean and the mattress firm and comfortable. The only drawback is that the dorms' windows face the street and traffic noise takes some getting used to. Wake up is at 7:30 a.m., and the maids are in to strip the beds at 8:00 a.m. And so another day begins.

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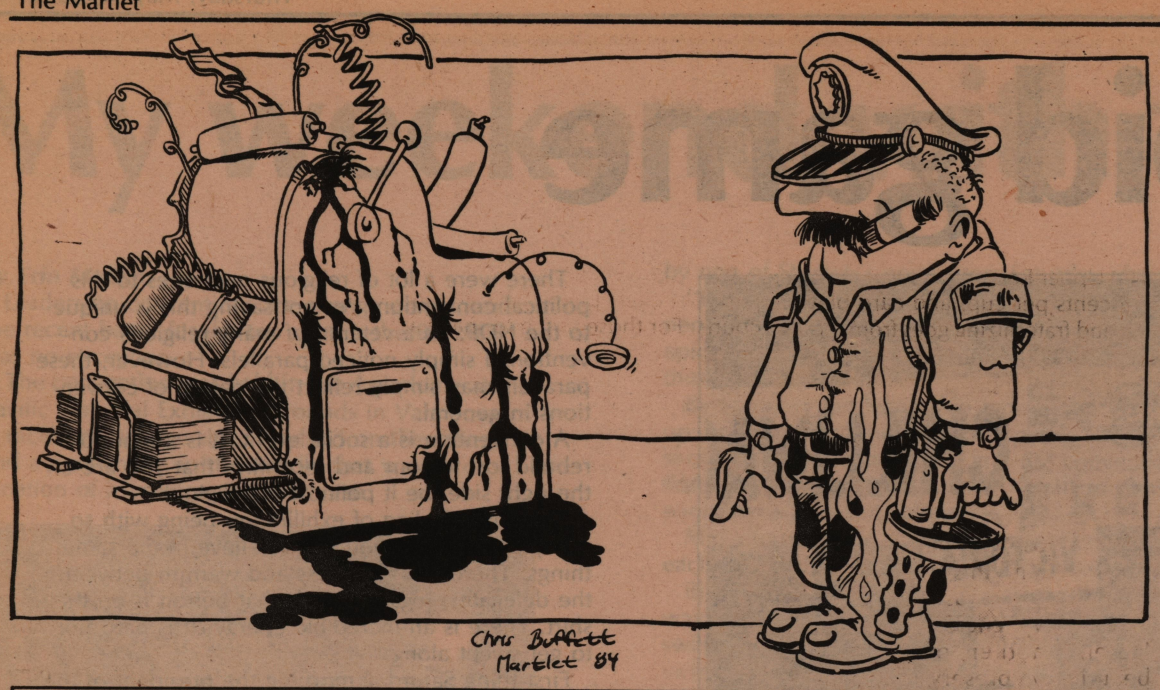


Letter policy...

The *Martlet* has an open letter policy: we will undertake to print every letter we receive from students, staff, and faculty; letters must be typewritten (you can use our machines), doublespaced, and include the author's name and either student number or phone number where they can be reached during the day; they should not exceed 300 words. Letters may be edited due to the limited available space. Pseudonyms may be printed in special cases. Letters not conforming to the above requirements may be printed at the editor's discretion, depending on their interest to the UVic community. Neatness also helps. If your letter has not been printed, it's probably because of your peculiar handwriting. Letters are due Monday, noon, previous to the desired publication date. Please write your *Martlet*, it'll do your mind some good.

MARTLETTERS TO THE EDITORS

Open door church

Editors:

In response to an article written under the name "Sue Bouck" entitled "Getting Psyched in Victoria," I would like to correct some of the obvious and biased mistakes made in the article.

First, and without bias, I would extend an invitation to anyone of the student body or faculty, who would take the time to learn truthfully and first hand what we stand for and our work, to join us any Sunday evening at 6:45 p.m. We will not put on a "special show" for you; you will be treated as we treat anyone who walks into the Open Door Spiritualist Church.

To correct a few mistakes or misconceptions, Reverend Patricia Ogaard wears her robes or surplice as would a priest, minister or rabbi in an orthodox church. She could wear footwear of the now generation "Adidas", etc., the heels of the 70s, the boots of the 60s, the spikes of the 50s, the service brogues of the 40s or the flats of the 20s' flappers. Her shoes don't really matter. What counts is how well her feet are planted in reality! As a great number of ministers, orthodox or otherwise, she uses notes of reference for her sermon and, like many others, she spends a great deal of time and work researching her subject. We do have trance mediums who use no notes as they give only what comes through them.

Our healing service is not only part of our religion, but is used in the blessing of a priest, laying on of hands of the Pentecostal and Mormon, and even by our Evangelists of T.V. It does not leave our congregation nervously agitated. I am sure after a period of sitting quietly still, even your fellow students would wish to change position.

To correct an even more grievous error, Reverend Patricia takes strong umbrage at being called "Pat", so that "Pastor Pat" would be an insult to a fine lady. We do not have an organ player (only monkeys have them), we have an organist who happens to be our Senior Pastor the Reverend Elsie Ralph, a very dedicated and beautiful lady who just happens to be an accomplished musician on the organ, piano and other instruments.

I will not try to answer the comments about our message service; it is something that each person has to see, hear and judge for themselves. It depends on how you feel about life after physical death, the hereafter, God, Heaven, etc. Everybody has to decide for him/herself.

The young lady goes on to quote that we sing hymns at the end of our service. We close with a hymn as per the orthodox churches. The question is, at which end of our service do we ask for our hymn to be sung? At 6:45 p.m. we have a member of the congregation lead us in or, as we call it, "Singspiration" which is when the congregation may request their own personal favourites. This has been our format for many years, and I have personally announced it from the pulpit many times. Also Hymn 126 in our Hymnal is "Rock of Ages" and does not have any words such as the quoted "Courage brother . . ."

I really do not know where this young lady got her information as to our service, but if all her facts in this article are as "far out" as the ones regarding our church, I can only make a statement from past history. Remember that Hitler, Goebbels and the Nazies invented the "big lie." They caused a bit of bother with it, as my English friends used to understate. So if this young lady is considering a career in journalism, I would deign to give her some advice. Get your facts right and check them to be sure that they are correct and above reproach. Check your sources to make sure that they can verify their statements. Double check to take any bias out of your story, then pray that you hurt neither yourself nor anyone else.

Slander and libel are expensive hobbies. There is a piece of Scripture that goes, "Beware of he who brings false witness." In other words, prevarication, intentional or otherwise, is not the kind of reputation a good journalist would care to be associated with.

To close, I would like to indulge myself and give the young lady an "F" for her effort. As your instructor, I would feel that your misrepresentation of the facts would earn you a failure, and your research of the subject warrants only a minus.

I trust that you may learn much from this your first "I trust" effort.

I am the president of the board of the Open Door Spiritualist Church and, as such, I can speak with authority regarding how our services are conducted.

Thomas W. Paterson

Making the grades

Editors:

The May 17th issue of the *Martlet* featured an article by Nora Ready and Ellen Saenger. The article described and discussed the May 2-5 UVic conference "The University in the 21st Century." The writers of the article say that John Lutz expressed surprise over "how few UVic faculty were at the conference." It is surprising that one would find this surprising, in view of the fact that grades were due on May 4th. UVic faculty were grading papers and exams in the 20th Century, instead of discussing the university of the 21st.

Alan R. Drengson
Dept. of Philosophy

KEIO choice

Editors:

The Alma Mater Society of the University of Victoria is pleased to announce that Catherine Nesmith, a third year geography student, has been chosen to participate in the 1984-1985 KEIO Exchange Programme.

The exchange will take place from the summer of 1984 to the spring of 1985 between the University of Victoria and the KEIO University in Tokyo, Japan. The exchange program is sponsored by the AMS and KEIO's own student society.

The Japanese exchange student chosen from KEIO will be studying at UVic in 1984-1985.

Catherine will live with a traditional Japanese family and study Japanese language at KEIO while continuing her other hobbies and interests.

Living expenses, tuition, other fees, and a travel/monthly allowance will be granted by the Institute of International Relations (IIR), a club at KEIO University. Travel to and from Japan is the exchange student's own responsibility.

The same grants will be provided by the Alma Mater Society for the Japanese student to come and study for a year at UVic. This will be approximately $5,400.00.

The program was set up in 1966 to bring Canada and Japan closer together.

Len Molden
Vice President Services

editorial

PRESSing for social change

A dictatorship is in our midst. The Law is legislated, interpreted, and executed by one man with the able support of the military and the US government.

Sometimes, people who speak and write the truth are thrown in jail. In the Philippine setting, this has become more than sometimes.

Sometimes, workers asking for just wages are simply gunned down. For Filipino workers, this has ceased being sometimes, but oftentimes.

Sometimes, men and women seeking justice and the recognition of human rights are branded as subversives and tortured in prison. For Filipino religious workers, civil libertarians, and other socially conscientious individuals this has been for most of the time.

Reason dictates that these abuses of the dictatorship be exposed in the campus press. It becomes imperative for the campus press to direct attention to such national issues.

And where the local mass media cannot give space and time to such tragedies, it becomes a moral imperative for the campus press to take up the cudgels and expose such crimes committed against the people.

Once and for all, myths on the campus press must be punctured and cast into oblivion.

In a regime where fiscalizers of the status quo are silenced, the campus press ceases to be a mere journal of school activities. It becomes a veritable critic of the regime. The campus press becomes an agent of truth committed to social change.

The campus journalist becomes not only a chronicler of the people's history but an active participant of it.

This is when the campus paper becomes a social conscience.

— taken from *College Editors Guild of the Philippines*

Divorce politics from sports

When we think of the withdrawal of the Soviets and their satellites from the summer Olympics we tend to think of the politics surrounding the issue, not the athletes at the heart of it.

We forget the dedication and work it takes for an athlete to get to that level of competition. In these political battles the only real losers are the athletes.

There are about 30 UVic athletes, coaches and ex-UVic athletes who will be competing in Los Angeles in July. You may know some of them.

They are the ones who take full course loads, train three or more hours a day, and who sacrifice everything else in their life so they can compete with the best in the world. Everyday they work themselves into a state of exhaustion, go to classes, study and still manage to get good marks.

Their only desire is to go out there and compete with and against the best in the world regardless of country or political beliefs.

The Olympics were set up so countries could temporarily overcome their differences and converge with their common appreciation and admiration for the human body at its peak. In Ancient Greece countries put aside their petty differences and their wars for the short period of the games. The Olympics were to provide for increased trust, respect and peace.

The problem with the boycotts is they threaten to obliterate the Olympics. The problem with the Olympics is that a win has been equated with the triumph of "communism," "democracy" or even Naziism.

The Olympics have ceased to be national. They are political.

We must alter this validation of political systems for the sake of the athletes.

We must learn to celebrate the athletic endeavor, not the country or system these particular athletes were born into.

The schizoid game

Photos by Corinne Mol

by Corinne Mol

Roses are Red
Violets are Blue
I'm Schizophrenic
And I am too

Dave Barrett, 1984 NDP convention

Me too. A political convention is an exercise in schizophrenia. I hesitate to compare a tragic disease to a political convention, especially of a party I'm somewhat sympathetic towards, but I will.

Schizophrenia is a psychotic disorder characterized by the loss of contact with the environment and by disintegration of the personality expressed as disorder of feeling, thought and conduct.

The NDP convention suffered at times from all these symptoms.

Inside the Agrodome at the PNE grounds, the world ceased to exist. It was a city unto itself. Walls of television lights heated the floor. A smog-like presence hung from the ceiling over the convention. The spiritual presence of farm animals, especially the cows, permeated the corridors near the media tables. It was a shame the plaster cows on the roof of the dome had mysteriously disappeared.

This is not an article about what happened on the stage of the convention. T.V. covered that. What was said by the leadership candidates really wasn't all that earth shattering. Politicians don't say a lot. Their mouths moved frequently but the words and ideas were stale.

This article is about the impressions of one particular journalist suffering in a foreign environment.

On nearing the Agrodome a sense of urgency hastens every social democrat's steps. Everyone feels important. Everyone enjoys the power being tossed about. The real or imagined power that can make or break a political career.

It was very easy to get into the convention. No tight security. I walked up to the media centre and said I was from *The Martlet*. I did not have to show ID. I was given a green tag on which I printed my name and newspaper. In bold letters it said "NDP CONVENTION". This hung like an albatross from me for the next three days.

Being slightly rebellious I tried walking around the convention without my albatross. This really upset people. I didn't wear it because I wanted to hear what people said if they thought I was a delegate and not a reporter. Delegates got orange albatrosses. Without my tag I listened in on conversations. They were sleazy. I heard unrepeatedly nasty things about every candidate. Of course the person talking had nothing bad to say about their own choice. But the bones from all the other candidate's closets were chewed and spit out. After many nasty looks from delegates Friday night, I finally conformed and wore my green card. I didn't hear a lot of sleazy things after that.

One problem with the NDP is its schizophrenic attempts to reconcile power with ideology. Many of their ideas in their purest form are quite radical, but we never hear about those. The NDP wants to rid this province of Socreds but can't decide how much to compromise.

There's a broad political spectrum under the banner of the NDP. There are closet Red Tories, closet Liberals, closet Marxists and closet anarchists. But most are social democrats. It's just that in B.C., if you don't like the Socreds and you believe political power is the only way to change things, you're left with the NDP. Most of the radicals I talked to were disgusted with the wimpiness of the proposals and the caution of the candidates. But the right wing backlash in this province frightens them even more.

Late Friday night there was "the Bear Pit". In theory candidates discuss their policies after questions from the floor and try like hell to differentiate themselves from the others. I, at least, hoped for a few insults, but the candidates were mild and polite. One candidate was disgusted with the lack of contention and begged the others to make it a real bear pit. No one complied. A question from the floor would be directed at one candidate, that person would answer, and then the other candidates got two minutes each to express their views. The questions were usually loaded in favour of the candidate they were directed towards. The most contentious question was for Dave Stupich, the oldest (but probably most physically fit of the bunch) asking him if his age would make him an interim leader. He answered no, but then said they'd all be interim leaders anyhow.

All I can really say about the candidates personally is that it's a shame so much in politics is linked with how a person looks or sounds. It's a shame that most people's minds can't seem to handle more than one political characteristic per politician. It seems that to succeed in politics, one must be able to inspire the public in a thirty second news clip. Politics have degenerated to a sad state.

One interesting thing about all the candidates was their dress. At one time, it seems to me, NDP'ers were famous for their casual clothes. For the absence of businessman attire. You know, the navy blue jacket and grey pants. The bear pitters were decked out in capitalistic costumes. All the men wore ties. Bill King was in a brown suit. Graham Lea sported grey pants and a navy blue jacket. Skelly wore a dark suit. Birrell was in a navy blue suit with a skirt. David Vickers wore a light blue suit. Who were they trying to appeal to? (Yes, of course it's low journalism to talk about what candidates wear, but it sure beats what they had to say.)

In between the "interesting speakers" (candidates, Ed Broadbent, Dave Barrett) proposals were discussed and passed. The proposals weren't radical. But what can you expect of a convention that is being watched by all of B.C. and Canada. They couldn't simply frighten and challenge the fragile imaginations of B.C.'ers. After all, this party wants power.

There were a lot of religious overtones to this political convention. I'm not saying this is unique to the NDP. As a veteran of many religious conventions I simply noticed parallels. However, these parallels may simply reflect the nature of conventions in general.

A convention is a social event. It is a time to rebuild lost fervour and reconfirm that you are on the right side, be it political or religious.

There is a feeling of exhiliration being with so many people who you think believe in the same things. There is a closeness and warmth between the delegates, regardless of what button is on their shirt. There is an incredible energy. It is hard not to get swept along.

First thing Saturday morning the president of the Young New Democrats, Anita Kamm, spoke. This young woman was immaculately attired, painfully earnest, with the desire for power gleaming in her eyes. She compared the plight of the Young Democrats to that of young people in a church that does not encourage them. No one understands why the mean age of the church gets older. Finally its followers all die. Her plea was, "don't let this happen to the NDP." Her bad metaphor gave me a good indication of why there are not more young Democrats.

When Barrett addressed the convention he spoke of the socialist dream and how it "will come to us." Barrett was very much like a religious orator. He cracked jokes and the audience was actually jiggled with laughter. He asked, "Who says socialists don't have a sense of humour or have fun?" I have heard this said too many times at religious conventions to make me comfortable. Barrett's antics on the platform and the way his voice climaxed into a crescendo brought unpleasant impressions to mind of men in dog collars on TV Sunday morning. Barrett, like Moses and Jerry Falwell, has tried to convince his followers that they are the chosen people.

People were amazed that such a large group could behave in an orderly fashion. This confirmed that they were on the right side; at religious conventions it is a sign of God's presence when everything is smooth and orderly.

What a person wore was important and paid attention to. Everyone tried to look neat and present a sexy image for the TV cameras. I believe the old cliche that power is an aphrodisiac. Alot of people at the convention were looking for action.

On Sunday, the real bear pit materialized. There was much tension in the air during the voting. Everyone stood in line during the balloting; the Agrodome was its quietest. Everyone was edgy.

Before each ballot, all the doors to the floor were closed and roped off. There was no way to get off the floor until the balloting was over. Talk about claustrophobic. Everyone stood in line for the four polling booths with very serious, intent faces. After everyone had voted the doors were opened and people were more relaxed. The tention was there for the half an hour or so it took to count the ballots. When the results were released everyone went wild. Birrell people in their yellow clothes, with their fun yellow balloons and signs, shouted "Margaret, Margaret" at the top of their lungs. After each ballot there was one less name being shouted. The cheerleaders were a pretty friendly bunch. At least they smiled while they shouted.

I felt assaulted standing in the middle of the floor, surrounded by people shouting different names, waving banners and balloons and marching about in delegations. Often the cheers would melt into one another. At one point there was a seventh candidate, Stu-Vickers. The aftermath of the third ballot was the most exciting when King, Skelly and Vickers were the only ones left. The King and Vickers people marched in their lines around the floor and then met in the middle. There was a lot of resentment between the two groups both having been front runners for the length of the campaign. It would not have surprised me if a riot had broken out between the two groups. It was frightening and exhilarating at the same time.

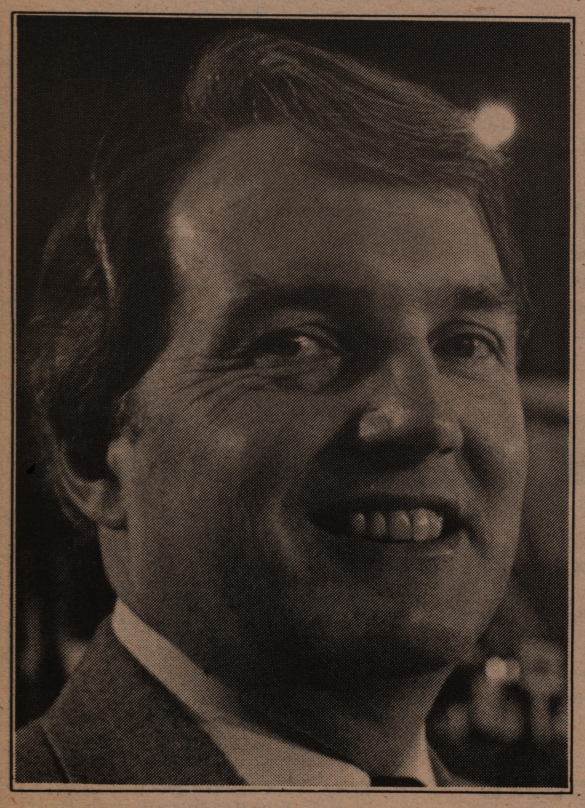
As for the journalists, they were busy travelling between the floor and the media centre that held the only beer in the dome. On the floor the journalists formed a betting pool. A dollar to the person who came closest to predicting the final number of votes for each candidate. Things can get pretty hairy when you actually have a dollar riding on the vote.□

My weekend with the NDP

by Erin Mullan

Leadership conventions are strange places, and the recent battle for the top spot in the BC NDP was no exception.

The convention was held in the Agrodome at the Pacific National Exhibition grounds in Vancouver. A racetrack on one side, Playland on the other, and a convention in the middle that was a combination of horserace and funhouse.



"Bob. Bob. Bob! Bob!"

"Vickers, Vickers, Vickers, Vickers!"

"Stuuu-pich. Stuuu-pich. Stuuu-pich."

Ordinary people became placard-waving delegates on the convention floor, chanting the name of their candidate, trying to outshout each other. If lung-power could win the next election in BC the NDP would be a shoe-in.

There were six candidates in the race: David Vickers, a newcomer who came to the convention with the most committed delegates and the support of the party establishment; old vet Bill King, in second place with plenty of labour support; Bob Skelly, the left-leaning darkhorse candidate whose efficient lobby machine would result in his eventual victory; oldtimer Dave Stupich, with heavy support from his Nanaimo riding; Margaret Birrell, the lefty-feminist candidate; and David Lea, whose stated desire to cut the party's ties with labour earned him the honour of being the first candidate knocked off the ballet.

Though there were obvious differences between the candidates, all of their platforms contained certain key planks. Rebuild the party by decentralizing power, by regional autonomy and by working with community and interest groups. Restore full funding to education. Restore the old labour code and the Human Rights act. Stop cruise testing. The list goes on.

Two figures dominated the convention. One was out-going leader Dave Barrett. The other was Socred premier Bill Bennett.

Barrett was probably the most relaxed person on the convention floor. With 15 years as party leader behind him, and the pressure off, Barrett strolled about the Agradome, yukking it up with delegates and media alike, flashing his woodchuk grin.

Politicians with a sense of humour are rare beasts, and with Davey Barrett stepping down as leader everyone in the party could afford to show him their appreciation. No candidate failed to include a fair share of hosannas for Dave in their speeches, and when Barrett himself gave his farewell speech on Friday night, the standing ovations kept coming. He told gags on big corporations, the media, the Socreds (of course) and the delegates lapped it up.

Not surprisingly, the mention of premier Bill's name struck a very different chord amongst the conventioneers. Socred bashing is nothing new to the NDP, but after the events of last year in this province the party in power is reviled more now than ever.

The best bit for Bennett's benefit was delivered by one of Stupich's nominators Saturday afternoon.

"Bennett's suit fits like a $20 coffin. He has the nervous smirk of an undertaker during a flu epidemic," quipped the Stupich supporter to thunderous applause.

By Saturday the leadership race began to heat up. Supporters of the various hopefuls started to show their colors in earnest and the convention floor was awash with banners, buttons, posters and paraphernalia of the candidates.

Mid-afternoon the candidate speeches began, each proceeded by one or two nominator pitches.

Bill King was first at bat. The man with white wavy hair and old-time labour leader style was swept up to the platform by a flotilla of sign-swinging supporters, as a lone trumpeter blared out the theme from Rocky.

King went after the Socreds and their allies calling them "a political coalition of rich opportunists" whose lust for power made them blind to suffering. He took a traditional NDP stand, native rights, education funding, provincial control of resources and "establishing a sane system of working relations in this province."

David Vickers was up next. Veteran MLA Rosemary Brown nominated Vickers, which proved to be a serious error in strategy. Brown gave a barn-burner of a speech, the best of the convention, and left Vickers looking decidedly lackluster in comparison.

Bashing a "private sector dominated by faceless names" in boardrooms outside B.C., Vickers said the way the NDP will succeed at the polls is by getting out of the legislature and the constituency offices "to where the people of this province are gathered."

Then it was Dave Stupich's turn. Stupich, a former Agriculture minister in the seventies NDP government, drew much applause when he said the party must win the next election to save farmland, "or there won't be any farmland worth talking about."

Margaret Birrell, the only woman in the race, delivered a nuts-n-bolts speech with more specifics on policy reforms than any of the other candidates, including a proposal for an economic forum to develop strategy, "a blueprint for the future."

Birrell also said some things many delegates didn't want to hear.

The social contract is dead in B.C. she said. "Labour leaders are still clinging to the notion that the social contract is still alive."

To a hushed crowd, Birrell said the Solidarity movement was historic, but it "died with Kelowna accords," referring to the settlement made on the eve of a general strike last fall between the Bennett government and labour leaders.

Afterwards, one King supporter stated privately that Birrell had "shit all over the labour movement."

David Lea distinguished himself by saying " I reject left and right. I want to go forward."

Bob Skelly was the last candidate to address the convention. The former school teacher was described as "fun-loving yet serious" and a "studious family man" by nominating MLA Barb Wallace.

Skelly said the only way the NDP can change Socred policy is through a change of government.

"The days when we could effect changes as the conscience of the establishment are finished," he said. The party must expand its base and membership, be more representative of the regions of the province and bring more youth to the party, he said.

The convention adjourned following the speeches, but the lobby machines kept on chugging. Campaign workers searched out uncommitted delegates, hoping to garner more votes for their candidate. But if the targetted person was supporting a green media tag instead of a red delegate one, the worker would scurry off to continue the hunt. Forget the power of the press, these folks wanted votes.

Sunday morning the balloting began. While the votes were counted the convention plenary struggled on, but trying to pass new policies was hampered by the hordes of media seeking instant interviews, and the lobby artists making their last-ditch pitches for one candidate or another.

When the ballot results were announced the strength of the Skelly floor machine began to show. All weekend Skelly people worked the floor, systematically quizzing delegates and constantly murmuring into walkie-talkies. All the info they gathered was fed into a computer. The Skelly team put their man's first ballot support at 170 votes. He got 171.

Vickets was on top with 269, followed by King with 240, then Skelly, Stupich, Birrell and Lea at the bottom.

In an obvious squeeze play to dump Birrell, Lea threw his support to Stupich.

And sure enough, Birrell went down on ballot number two. Birrell had brought feminists, newcomers and old socialists disillusioned with the party under one banner. But throughout the campaign Birrell had been critical of the party, and you don't win popularity contests or leadership races by talking about party failings.

Birrell campaign worker Colleen Glynn said many of the people her candidate brought into the party will stick around but "some people don't have the energy to butt their heads against the wall for the next three or four years."

After leading her supporters outside the Agradome into the sunlight, Birrell told them to vote for whoever they wished, saying she would keep her own counsel. Amidst hugs and tears, some delegates shouted "No to Vickers" and "ABV — Anybody but Vickers" as the Skelly and King lobbyists swept in after loose votes.

After the third ballot it was clear Skelly picked up the lion's share of Birrell's people. He leapt into second place with a jump of nearly 100 votes, only 25 behind Vickers and Stupich was dropped.

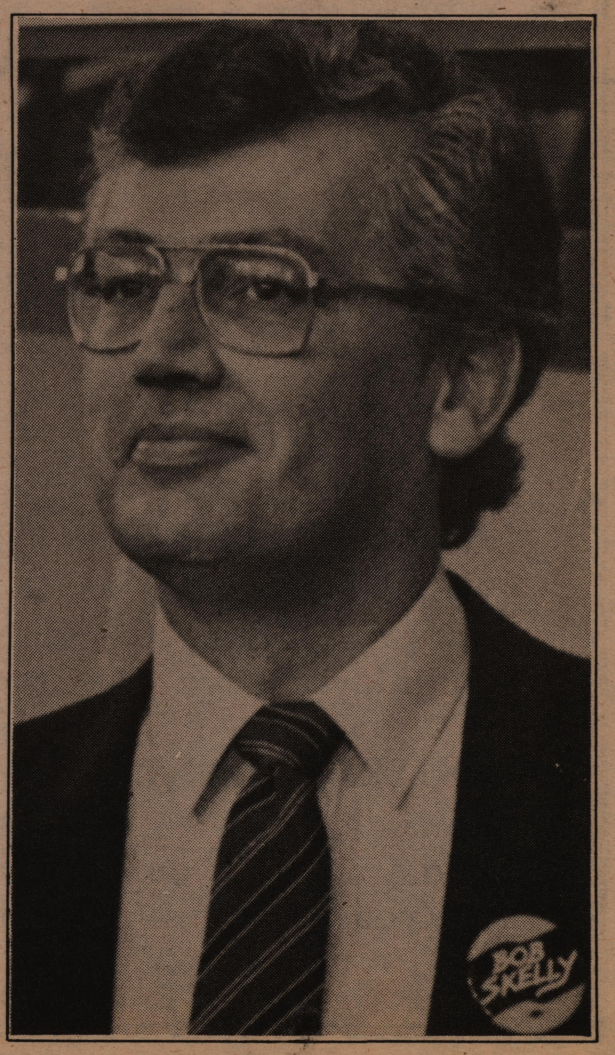
Until this point the King campaign counted on getting Stupich's delegates once he was knocked out. But when Stupich freed his delegates the death knell sounded for Bill King's leadership hopes.

On the fourth ballot King came third and was out of the race. The would-be king became king-maker and threw his support to Skelly. Vickers staying in for the fifth ballot, but it was all over save for the crying.

Skelly and King met on the floor to shake, and bake under the camera lights and media crush. Behind the action a Birrell backer now supporting Skelly did a little jig and said, "that's it. It's all over people!"

Many delegates who supported other candidates and switched to Skelly are pleased to see Vickers out. One said, "if I wanted to vote for a Liberal (Vickers) I would have joined the Liberal Party."

The bottom line is this: Skelly was almost everybody's second choice. He convinced the delegates. Now can he convince the voters of B.C.?



BookReviewBookReviewBookReviewBookRevi

by Nora Ready

I am not a science fiction fan. Anything with the word "science" in it intimidates me. *The Dispossessed* by Ursula LeGuin, is a science fiction novel. It didn't bite me. I may become a sci-fi fan.

LeGuin lives in Oregon, is 54 years old and writes about anarchism, socialism, Taoism, feminism, environmentalism, as well as the old standards, love and pain. LeGuin could be called one of the "new" generation of science fiction writers. Nora Gallagher did a feature on LeGuin in the January 1984 *Mother Jones*. Gallagher says that before 1950, "probably more than any other writing, science fiction reflected the mood of America: if it's different, kill it." LeGuin is one of the sci-fi writers that broke out of the old mould.

In *The Dispossessed*, written in 1974, we are presented with two planets, Urras and Annares. The former is something like modern day North America. The latter, which is a mining colony of Urras, is a social-anarchist society. Shevek, a bright young physicist from Annares goes to Urras to study because that's where the most advanced scientific research is happening. "It's your duty to seek out the best," Shevek's teacher tells him. But she also warns him to "keep free."

So Shevek travels to Urras, a planet most of his people fear and condemn. An anarchist in a capitalist world, he has to cope with the new concepts of privacy, profit, secrecy, sexism, power and excessive waste. On Urras the women he meets in the scientific community are not scientists but wives of scientists. His most influential teachers have been women so he finds this segregation puzzling. He is given a private room to work and live in. He has to weigh his desire to pursue his studies with his basic belief in communal living. The privacy allows him to concentrate solely on his work but he is uneasy about the isolation from social interaction and responsibility. On his planet private rooms are only for copulation. "Privacy was almost as desirable for physics as it was for sex. But all the same was it necessary?"

On Urras Shevek is immediately aware of the foreigness of his environment. Looking out the window of a highrise, "it was like looking down from a dirigible: one felt detached from the ground, dominant, uninvolved." He also encounters academic competition on Urras. Scientists keep information to themselves in order to gain prestige and power. His mentor on Urras explains to him. "Listen. You're now a member of the Central Institute of Sciences, a Physics syndic, ... Priviledge is responsibility." It takes some time for Shevek to understand that he is to acquire knowledge which he's not to share. (LeGuin partly modeled Shevek after J. Robert Oppenheimer.)

Anarres isn't a cosy, mellow utopia. " Suffering is the condition on which we live. And when it comes you know it. You know it as the truth. Of course it's right to cure diseases, to prevent hunger and injustice, as the social organism does. But no society can change the nature of existence. We can't prevent suffering. This pain and that pain yes, but not Pain. A society can only relieve social suffering, unnecessary suffering. The rest remains."

There is an earthliness to LeGuin's writing. She includes the details of life. Toilets are called "shitstools." Even on Annares kids make jokes about farting. LeGuin allows us to identify with her characters because she does not idealize them.□

Maltwood Art Museum and Gallery

The Maltwood Art Museum and Gallery is located in the University Centre Gallery. Ongoing exhibitions of contemporary and historic art are featured throughout the year. A historic decorative arts collection is maintained for study purposes.

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miscellaneous

ST. VINCENT DE PAUL SOCIETY is a non-profit organization whose aim is to relieve poverty and promote human dignity. You can help with donations of protein foods. Meat, cheese, eggs and peanut butter are not often available to those in need. Your donations can be dropped off at either 840 View St. and 778 Goldstream Ave. or picked up by calling 382-3213 or 478-0181.

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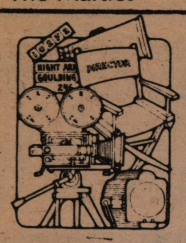

Lotsa bugs in the Temple of Doom

by Patty Archer

Shanghai-1935: Indiana Jones walks into a seedy nightclub and the sensational adventures of the "daredevil archeologist" begin again. Or do they?

Speilberg and Lucas are together, attempting to match the success of "Raiders of the Lost Ark." I hate to jump on the band wagon and say they don't quite make it, but they don't quite make it.

First there is the small problem of the plot. The *what*? That's about it, too. The film starts out being an adventure, but turns into a romance half way through. The necessary "quest" for a magical stone turns into the release of malnourished children slaving in the mines of an evil ruler. But this is an adventure, so plot isn't that important.

Then there are the characters. These, surely, are important in an adventure movie. Harrison Ford manages to do the impossible, making completely believable that impossibly handsome professor with no visible means of support and a wardrobe right off a rock-video (and he *never* loses his hat — not even while falling from a plane without a parachute).

Kate Capshaw is a Cheryl-Tiegs-type girl next door who "just happens" to be in that seedy Shanghai club. As Willie Scott, she falls conveniently in love with a rather nasty man. Her main purpose is to make dumb mistakes (a la sexist dumb blonde) with strange animals of all sorts, especially *insects*. And she gets to wear revealing clothes Fun, eh?

Despite the atrocious name 'Short Round', a novice child actor Ke Huy Quan manages to keep his pride, as a street-wise kid. The junior sidekick gets in the way of romance, and his one-liner quips would probably work better if given to one of the adults. His main purpose is to be cute, broadening the appeal, but he just confuses the motivations of the main characters. But a Spielberg movie has to have kids in it, right? (remember E.T.)

But its the Special Effects you are *really* interested in! Those are great. Lots of crawly things, amazing rescues (some too amazing) and intricate sets that keep your mind off the weaknesses. But it's an incredibly gory film, more bloody than "Raiders" and I was disturbed by the number of small children in the audience. Much of the violence is gratuitous, and since we aren't really told *why* the bad guys are bad (except that they kill people) the violence has no moral value.

But the film tugs you right along with "once a minute" shocks and shrieks. Everyone but Jones is an impossibly poor shot. (They can't even hit him with a machine gun) George Lucas wrote the story, and if I was him I wouldn't brag about it. The characters seem to take themselves *very* seriously, and some of the dialogue seems suspiciously Californian.

It *is* a well-made film, but it might not be worth the long line-ups. "Romancing the Stone" is a better romance, and "Star Wars" was more thought-provoking. But if you want to be thoroughly entertained while watching a movie, and if you like bugs, snakes, jungles, crowds of small children, and the occasional kiss (signifying the romance of the century, dummy) then this one's for you.□

Harrison Ford stars as the daredevil archeologist Indiana Jones.

emergency food bank

If you find yourself in a real bind, the AMS in conjuction with Food Services offers an emergency food bank on campus. To apply, see Len Molden, Vice President of Services, Room 135C, SUB (721-8368), or go to the SUB General Office.

Prairie gold

by Amy Melmock

Victoria's Swiftsure weekend brought a special opportunity to hear some of Canada's best-loved female folk artists. Hot on the heels of an impressive performance by the McGarrigle Sisters on May 25th, Connie Kaldor sang at the McPherson on the 27th. Most of the audience consisted of long-time fans, and the honeyed tones of this wheat-haired songwriter from Saskatchewan, won her a few new admirers before the night was over.

Opening the first set with a selection of country and western tunes, Kaldor moved on to what she does best — singing about her personal experiences and insights. From the humorous song "Au Revoir," which told of the star crossed relationship between English and French lovers, to the bittersweet "Newfoundland Song," an acappella ballad about a coalminer's widow, Kaldor created a powerful range of emotions for her audience. Songs like "Batoche," inspired by the Riel rebellion, and "Such a Nice Little World," revealed the concerned, political side of Kaldor's nature.

Accompanied by Claire Lawrence on saxaphone and Norman MacPherson on guitar, Kaldor was able to give extra punch to blues numbers like "Let Go of that Man," and "Temptation". Urging us to take a walk on the wild side, Kaldor performed "Wander Lust," "Get Lucky," and "Moonlight Grocery"; songs which were borne out of cabin fever experiences in Edmonton.

Kaldor's willingness to experiment with her music came across strongly. The heavily synthesized piece "Get Back the Night," was an unusual departure from Kaldor's folk based style.

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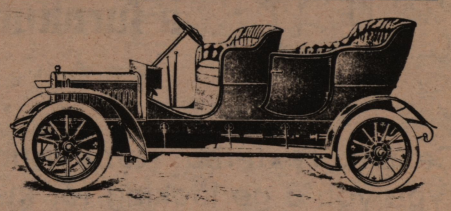

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sports

VOLUNTEERS NEEDED for the Garth Homer Centre Tag Days for two to four hours on Saturday and Sunday, June 16 and 17. Anyone interested in helping this society for the handicapped is asked to contact Nellie or Inez (385-3383) or Garth Homer Centre (388-4244).

happenings

THE ROTARY CLUB OF VICTORIA HARBOURSIDE is sponsoring another fundraising event in the Hillside mall in support of The Boys and Girls Club and St. John's Ambulance Corp. From Thursday, May 31 to Saturday, June 9 the club will attempt to collect a mile of quarters.

"THE RIGHT TO BE HUMAN" presented by *Knowledge Network* featuring panelist Gordon Fairweather. June 18, 8 pm. For further information call 382-3012.

galleries

ART AND ARCHIVES, a new exhibit at the Emily Carr Gallery, 1107 Wharf St., opens May 30. Paintings and drawings accompanied by supporting documentation such as maps, manuscripts, photographs and publications have been selected from the collections at the Provincial Archives.

music

UNIVERSITY CENTRE AUDITORIUM presents the Mt. Douglas Sr. Secondary School Band Concert on Monday, June 4. Student Concert at 11:00 a.m., Concert at 7:30 p.m. Tickets available at the door one hour before performance. On Saturday, June 16 at 8:00 p.m. the auditorium features Leon Patillo. Tickets: $10.50 advance; $9.50 groups of 10 or more & $11.50 at the door.

ALMANDINA "THE SOUL OF THE ANDES" a Latin American band is in concert at the First United Church hall, 932 Balmoral St. on Saturday, June 16 at 7:30 p.m. Tickets: $6 employed; $5 U.I.C., seniors, students; $3 youth; children under 12 free. Advance tickets are available at Pagliaccis — 1011 Broad St.; VIDEA — 303-620 View St.; Fifth World Arts — 765 Fort St. Proceeds will support the Democratic Popular Movement of Chile.

A QUARTET OF CONCERTS is presented by the Art Gallery of Greater Victoria. Sunday, June 3: Emlyn Ngai, a 15 year old violinist will be featured 3:00 p.m. Thursday June 7: The Westwind Quintet from UVic will perform 8:00 p.m. Thursday, June 14: Consortium presents a "Mini Opera Gala" with narration by Mrs. Ida Clarkson. Admission is by donation for the Roberto and Mary Woods Voice Scholarship 8:00 p.m. Sunday, June 17: Clare Sidebotham, violin and Tony Booker, piano will perform works from Beethoven, Bach and Brahms 2:30 p.m.

dance

STAGES DANCE THEATRE will be jetting you back to the 60's recreating the sights and sounds of that fast moving era, in a Musical Showcase called Rock Stalgia, at the MacPherson Theatre from May 29 through June 3. Tickets on sale at the MacPherson box office. For more information call Kim Breiland at 381-DANS.

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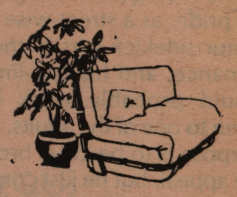

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Fifth World is a men's clothing store.

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Fifth World is a women's clothing store.

Understated natural elegance. Fifth's World's clothing for women is a casual mixture of style, flair and informality. Versatile enough to wear everywhere from solidarity rallies to dinner at Deep Cove. Fifth World is bulging with cozy, thick fall fashions for women.

Fifth World didn't start out being a gift store. They just kept stumbling over irresistable little odds and ends while shopping for imports. Fifth World also has a unique collection of exotic and bizarre greeting cards.

Fifth World is a gift store.

Now you know.

Fifth World on Fort Street
765 Fort Street 384-1114